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Heaven

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H E A V E N

Heaven is ruled by the stuffier angels
sliding the rubber of their feelers
 over a longitude of benches.
They phrase imperious questions like, "Salner"
meaning my workgloves rolling a cigarette
 blue T-shirt in the NW corner
"do you want to work?"

To swat flies, to work in heaven?
My gills suck in diaphanous mud
I try humming somebody's worksong
I'm a workhorse angel

I've discovered this much
 I'm an evil salt angel
my tires, my sprawling bones
would clog up the shaker
of somebody's army.

To stare thru the windows seriously
pretending that I want to work?
The gum of life sparkles on the sidewalk
where a human being was recently dragged by.
The dust increases on the machinery.
My soulful artifact is on the earth.